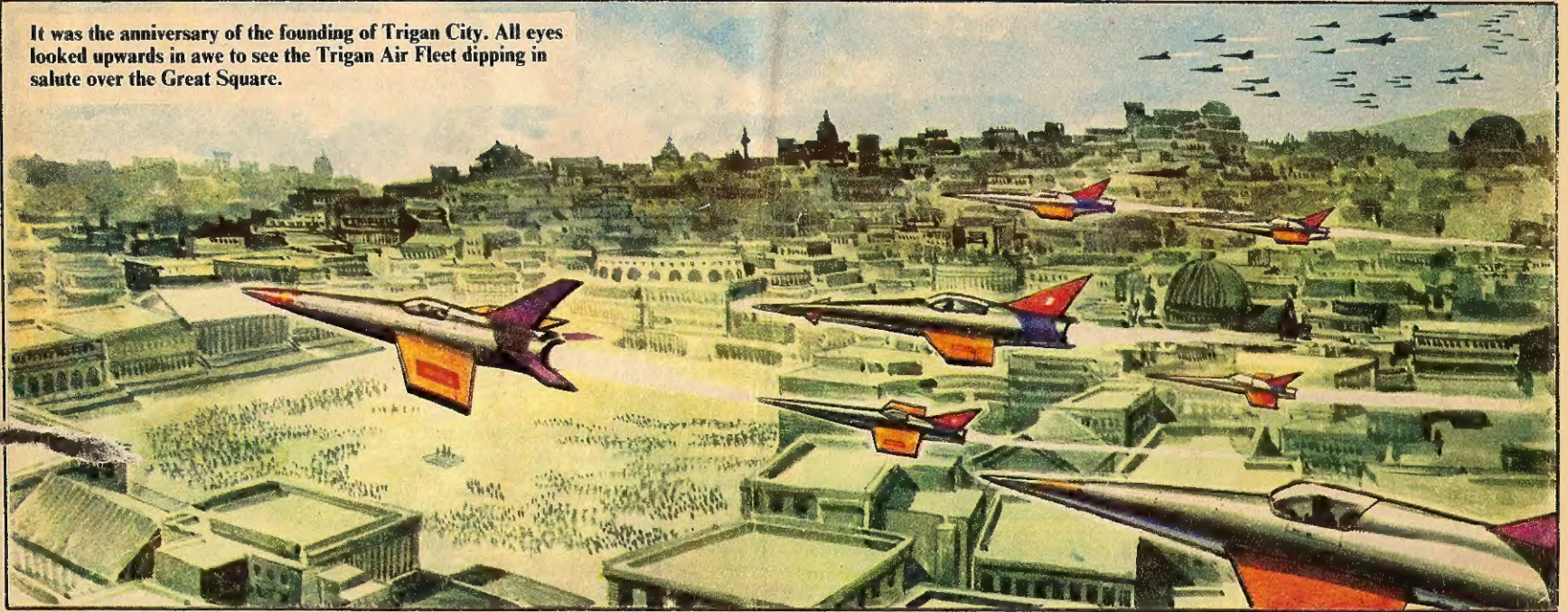


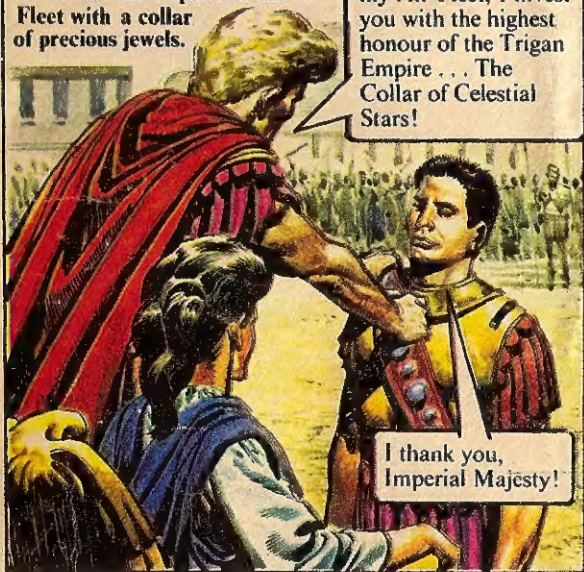
The TRIGAN EMPIRE

is the galaxy of Yarna, and in that is the Planet Elekton. On this planet the desolate land of Vorg—one man, Trigo, has led his people to greatness and founded the Trigan Empire.

It was the anniversary of the founding of Trigan City. All eyes looked upwards in awe to see the Trigan Air Fleet dipping in salute over the Great Square.



Later, when the massed craft had landed, the Emperor Trigo decorated the Captain of the Fleet with a collar of precious jewels.



Captain Darak! . . . as the Commander of my Air Fleet, I invest you with the highest honour of the Trigan Empire . . . The Collar of Celestial Stars!

I thank you, Imperial Majesty!

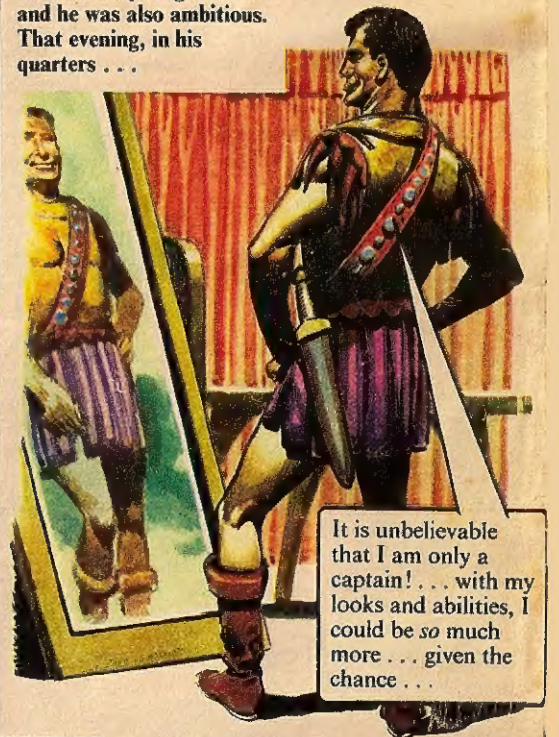
In the ranks of the Air Fleet pilots, young Janno whispered to his friend and comrade Keren . . .



Darak is enjoying this moment!

He was conceited enough without The Collar of Celestial Stars . . . now we'll have to pay to speak to him!

Captain Darak was indeed a conceited young man . . . and he was also ambitious. That evening, in his quarters . . .



It is unbelievable that I am only a captain! . . . with my looks and abilities, I could be so much more . . . given the chance . . .

An instant later, he detected a movement behind the curtain. Striding swiftly forward, he ripped it aside . . . to disclose a sallow-featured, grinning man . . .



A Lokan cur! What are you doing in my room, Lokan?

Don't be angry, Captain . . . I have brought you a gift!

A gift? . . . For me?

Darak had cause to be suspicious. The Lokans never ceased to plot rebellion against their conquerors. Darak's visitor spilled the contents of a pouch on to the table . . .



Ergals! . . . a fortune in precious ergals!

The rarest jewels on Elekton . . . and all yours, Captain Darak!

Darak snatched up the ergals, wondering... then his expression changed to narrow-eyed cunning.

Why for me?

I will leave that question for the moment, Captain... and tell you that this is only the beginning... if you act wisely, there will be more for you...

Think of it, Captain... riches enough to allow you to leave Trigan and go anywhere on Elekton... found an empire of your own, and live in the greatness you deserve...

When Darak replied, his voice was husky with greed and excitement.

Tell me what I must do in return!

Aaaah!... You are the man I took you for, Captain! What you have to do is this... listen carefully...

A few days later, Trigo said farewell to his family in the Great Square. He was about to depart on a visit to his friend and ally, the King of Hericon.

Farewell, Brag... I leave the City in your charge.

Trust me, Trigo. Return safely.

The pilot of the imperial craft was... Darak.

Let's go, Captain!

Hours later, high over the Great Ocean, the craft's engines faltered and cut out...

What's wrong?

A failure in the fuel supply, Imperial Majesty. I'm going to land on that island below!

As the craft swooped down to land on the apparently deserted island, a party of armed men rose from hiding... and they were Lokans!

Here comes the Emperor of the Trigans... delivered into our hands!

Trigo was first out of the craft. When he saw his peril, his hand flew to the gun at his belt... but it was gone!

I have it here... Imperial Majesty!

By all the stars!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Darak, the conceited and self-seeking commander of the Trigan air fleet, has treacherously flown his Emperor, Trigo, into a trap laid by rebel Lokans...



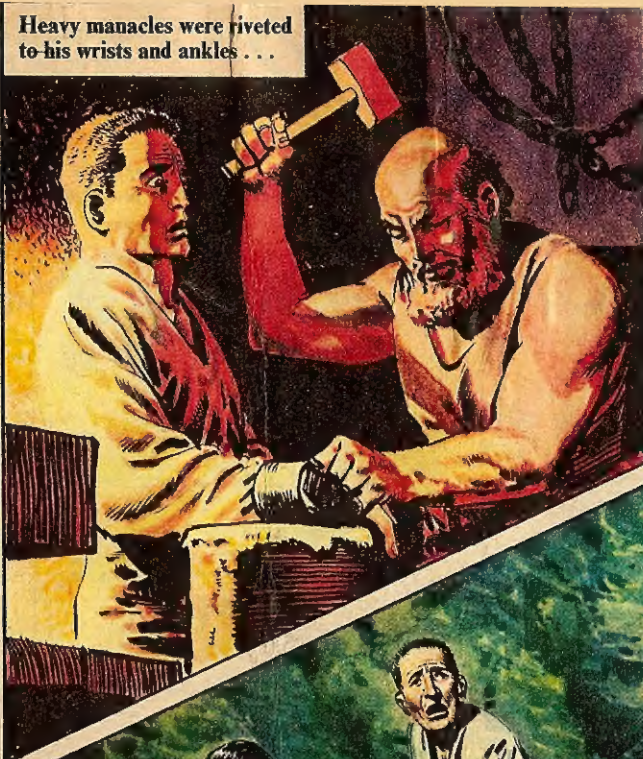
Snatching up the sword, Trigo laid about him. And in that brief and furious battle, three Lokans fell, to rise no more.



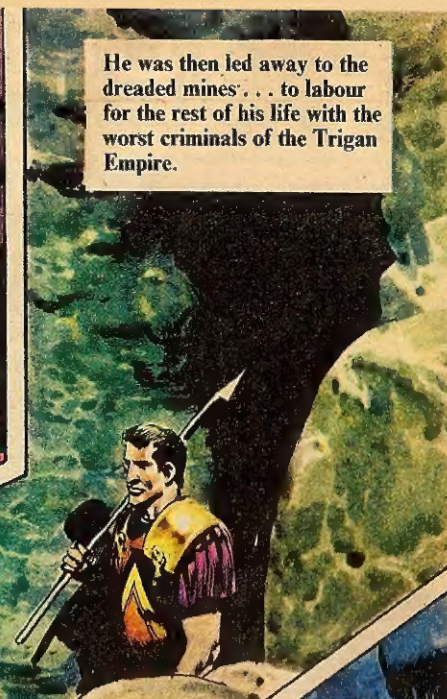
he force of Trigan justice moved swiftly against the traitor. The following day, a junior officer of the air fleet . . . young Janno . . . stripped Darak of his badges and decorations.



Heavy manacles were riveted to his wrists and ankles . . .



He was then led away to the dreaded mines . . . to labour for the rest of his life with the worst criminals of the Trigan Empire.



A year passed . . . and one night, a guard was doing the rounds of the convicts who lay sleeping after their day of backbreaking work . . .



Then a chain was wrapped about his throat . . . choking off his cry!



Moments later, the guard's key had freed the convict from his sleeping companions, and he was creeping away down the tunnel.

And now . . . vengeance!

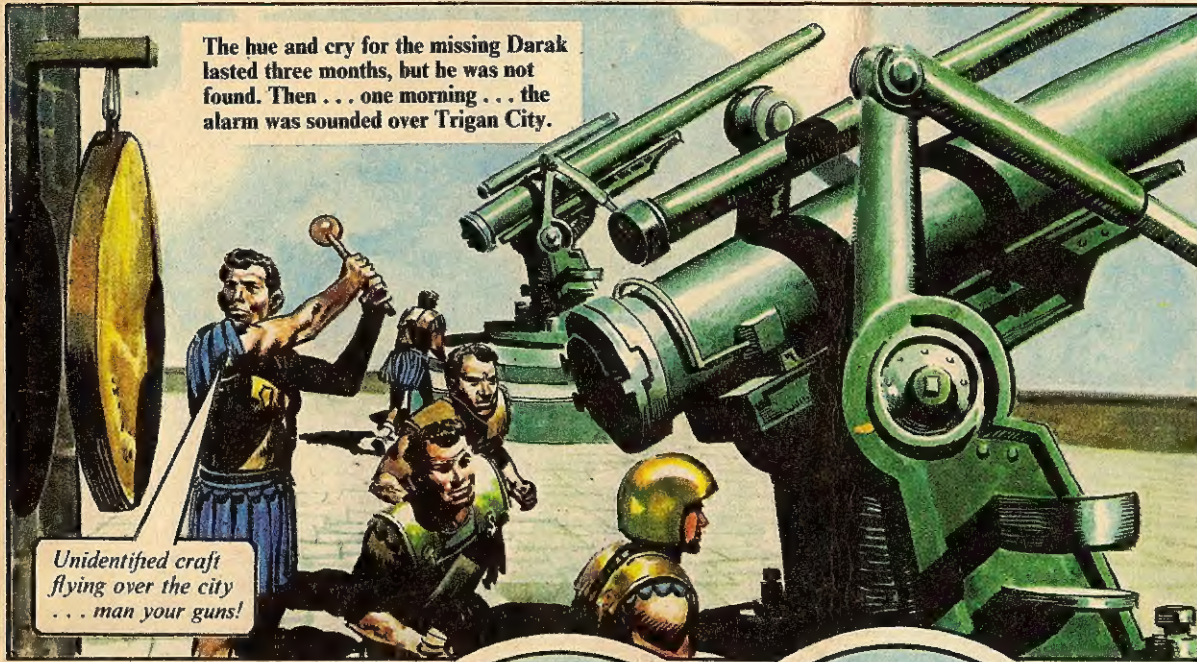


I will strike unsuspected . . . for no one will recognise me!

Indeed, a year in the mines had greatly changed the once handsome Captain Darak !

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Greatly changed in appearance after serving a year in the dreaded mines of Trigan, the treacherous Darak has escaped, to avenge himself on the Emperor Trigo . . .



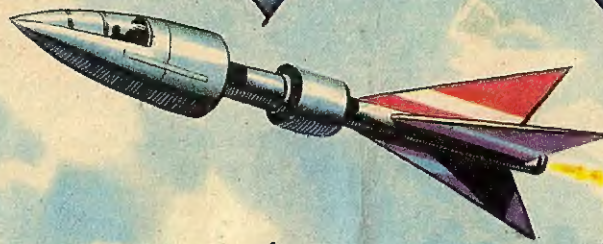
The hue and cry for the missing Darak lasted three months, but he was not found. Then . . . one morning . . . the alarm was sounded over Trigan City.

Unidentified craft flying over the city . . . man your guns!

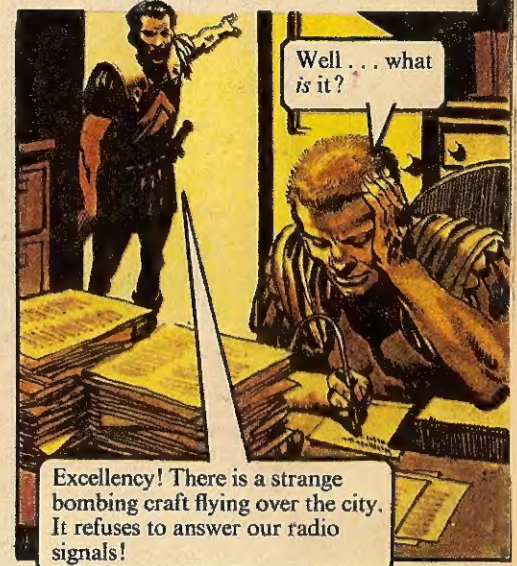
Brag raced up to the ramparts and examined the high-flying craft through powerful glasses.



I've never seen the like of such a craft before . . . but it's certainly a bomber!



Trigo was absent from the city, and his brother Brag was in charge. Faithful, slow-witted Brag was wading through a bewildering pile of state papers when the duty officer entered . . .



Well . . . what is it?

Excellency! There is a strange bombing craft flying over the city. It refuses to answer our radio signals!

All eyes were on Brag as he turned his slow wits to the problem.

I suppose . . . the only thing to do is to shoot it down!

OPEN FIRE!

Whoomph! . . . whoomph! The second shot struck the mystery bomber, and brought it screeching down in flames.



The wreckage was scattered widely over the plain beyond the city. The Trigans searched the smoking remains of the bomber.



I've found something to identify it, Excellency!

Bring it here!



It was an engine name plate. And Brag's heart sank within him when he saw that the words were written in the language of Hericon!

We have shot down a craft of a friendly nation!

By the stars . . . What have I done?

. . . and what is Trigo going to say?

Brag reeled from the Emperor's room. But his mortification was not finished yet. He overheard two guards muttering together . . .



Brag should be sent to the mines for what he did!

The man's a fool!

Sick at heart, Brag went to his chamber and shut himself in.



Is it true? Does Trigo really think I'm a fool, and does he only put up with me because we're brothers?



Trigo was nastily recalled to Trigan. Great was his fury against his brother.

Bungling fool! All you had to do was send up a craft to investigate. It was a new type of Hericon bomber that had lost its way!

I . . . I had to make a hasty decision . . . the safety of the city . . .



Trigo's fist crashed against his brother's jaw and sent him reeling!

Thick-skulled dolt! Your hasty decision nearly embroiled us in a war! The Hericons are furious!



Trigo knows he's a fool . . . but what can he do about it?

You can make as many mistakes as you like, and get away with it . . . provided you're the Emperor's brother!



Then . . . he saw the note on his couch . . .

WHAT'S THIS?



The message was short . . . and cruelly mocking.

A real man would not let his brother treat him like a stupid child!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

The Emperor Trigo's faithful but slow-witt brother Brag has blundered badly and landed at himself in disgrace. Some mysterious person has written a note, suggesting to Brag that he has been unfairly treated . . .

All the resentment in Brag's heart boiled over . . . and he kicked a table across the room with a bellow of fury.

But I'm not putting up with it any longer. Oh, no! I'm going straight to have it out with my fine brother!

The writer of this note speaks the truth! . . . Trigo *does* treat me like a stupid child!

He stamped down the passage, and the furious expression on his face did not escape a man who was sweeping there . . .

I'll say to him . . . "Now see here, Trigo . . ."

This man was the former captain of the Trigan Air Fleet, Darak . . . who had escaped after a year in the dreaded mines, and had sworn to avenge himself on the Emperor Trigo . . .

Brag stomped into his brother's study, but Trigo's first words froze the angry outburst on his lips.

Now see here, Trigo . . .

Don't bother me with petty details now, Brag! . . . I have to go away again, and *this* time I am leaving Peric, here, in charge of the city . . .

Brag stared at Peric, who had the grace to look embarrassed . . .

Then . . . do I have to take orders from a man who is not a member of the Imperial family?

Yes, you do! Frankly, Brag, after your last stupid blunder I can no longer trust you to be in charge!

He has read my note! The poison is working in his stupid brain . . . with a little more encouragement, that oaf will do my work for me, and destroy his own brother!

The following morning, Brag stood and watched his brother take off in an atmosphere craft . . . and there was fury boiling in his mind . . .

By the stars, you will pay for humiliating me like this, my fine brother!

The pilot of the Imperial craft was Brag's son, Janno. As they swept over the city, Trigo confided in his favourite nephew.

I have been thoughtlessly harsh to your father, Janno . . . apart from being my brother, he is my dearest and most faithful friend . . . how I wish I had taken him by the hand and apologised for my rudeness . . .



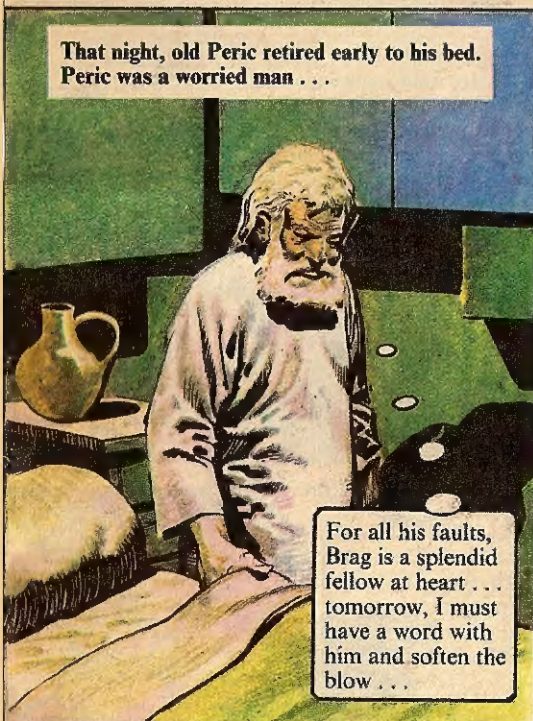
But the damage was already done . . . as the cunning Darak saw when he searched Brag's face . . .

Now the time is ripe for the next part of my plan . . .



That night, old Peric retired early to his bed. Peric was a worried man . . .

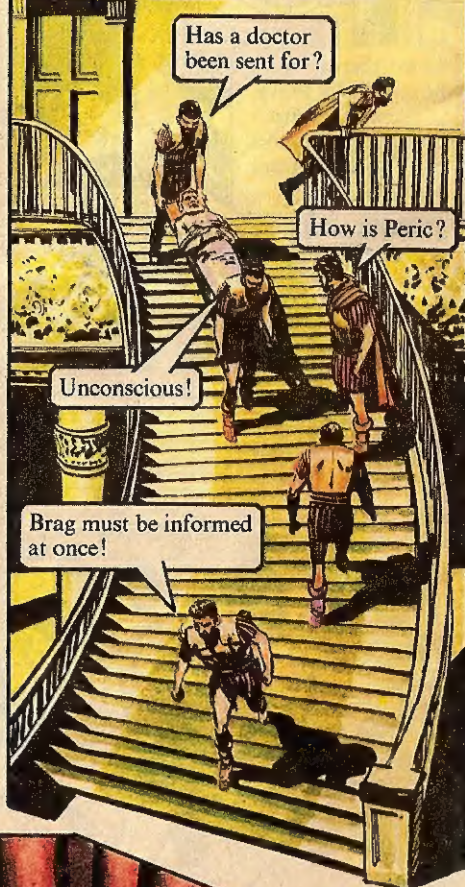
The thing that was tethered there by its whip-like tail was a Nobra . . . one of the deadliest serpents on the planet Elekton!



For all his faults, Brag is a splendid fellow at heart . . . tomorrow, I must have a word with him and soften the blow . . .



In no time, the palace was in an uproar.



Has a doctor been sent for?

How is Peric?

Unconscious!

Brag must be informed at once!

It was with mixed feelings that Brag buckled on his sword after receiving news of the disaster. As he was about to leave his chamber, he saw a movement in the shadows . . .



Who's there?

A friend!

It was . . . Darak!

I have come to tell you that with one bold move you can be Emperor of the Trigans!



The TRIGAN EMPIRE

destroy the Emperor. Trigo is absent from the city. The Emperor's deputy to be a serpent . . . then he tries to persuade Trigo's slow-witted brother, Brag, to make himself Emperor . . .

In three swift strides, Brag reached Darak and seized him in his powerful grasp.



AAAAH . . .

What do you think I am . . . a traitor?

Darak thought fast . . .



No! You are a loyal Trigan . . . and so are my friends and I . . . which is why we want *you* to be Emperor instead of your brother!

Is this true? . . . Are there *really* some who would rather have me as Emperor?



Come and see for yourself, Excellency!

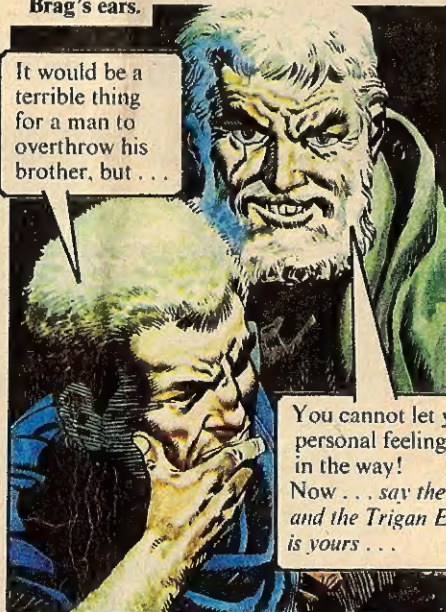
After a lifetime of taking second place to his brilliant brother, these shouts were music to Brag's ears.



Darak led him out to the corridor, where a group of guards were waiting. Brag was not to know that these were the riff-raff of the Trigan army, men who would sell their own fathers into slavery, and all in Darak's pay . . .

Brag for Emperor! Give the order, and we will follow you!

It would be a terrible thing for a man to overthrow his brother, but . . .



You cannot let your personal feelings stand in the way! Now . . . say the word, and the Trigan Empire is yours . . .

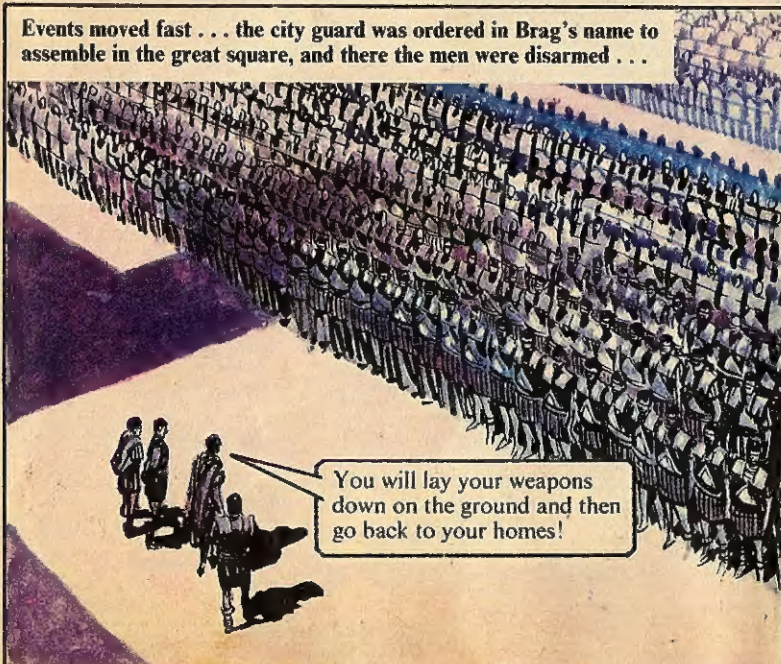
Slow-witted Brag never really had a chance against the cunning Darak . . .



Well . . . I suppose my answer must be . . . yes.

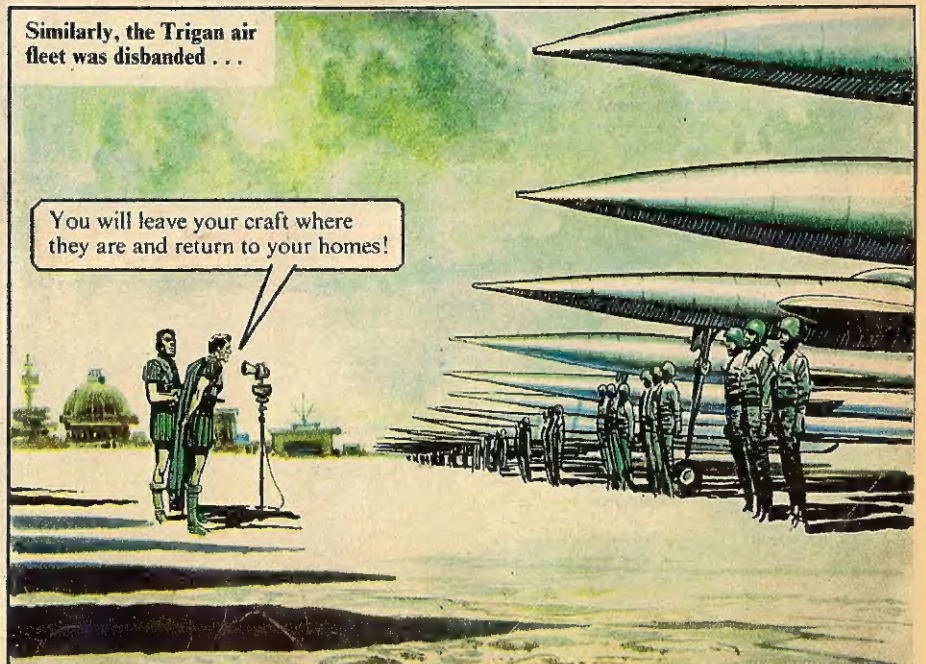
Right! Carry out the orders I gave you!

Events moved fast . . . the city guard was ordered in Brag's name to assemble in the great square, and there the men were disarmed . . .



You will lay your weapons down on the ground and then go back to your homes!

Similarly, the Trigan air fleet was disbanded . . .



You will leave your craft where they are and return to your homes!

control of the city without having to strike
men drove through the streets . . .

All citizens will make their
way to the great square!

Brag had watched
all this from the
ramparts of the
Imperial Palace,
and his conscience
was troubling him.

And now . . . it is just a
matter of proclaiming
you to the people as
the new Emperor!

Brag shook his head.

No! . . . I've thought
it over . . . I can't
do this thing!

Too late for
squeamishness,
Brag . . . you have
already done it!

And so, the treacherous Darak read out
the proclamation to the dumbfounded
people . . . and no one could see the pistol
aimed against the back of the unwilling
Brag!

. . . And so Brag becomes the
Emperor of Trigan and all its
possessions on the
Planet Elekton! . . .
Long live the Emperor!

There was an instant of thunderstruck silence from
the assembled citizens . . . and then . . . pandemonium!

We don't want that stupid
animal! Trigo's our
Emperor! Down with Brag!

Darak snarled a savage command!

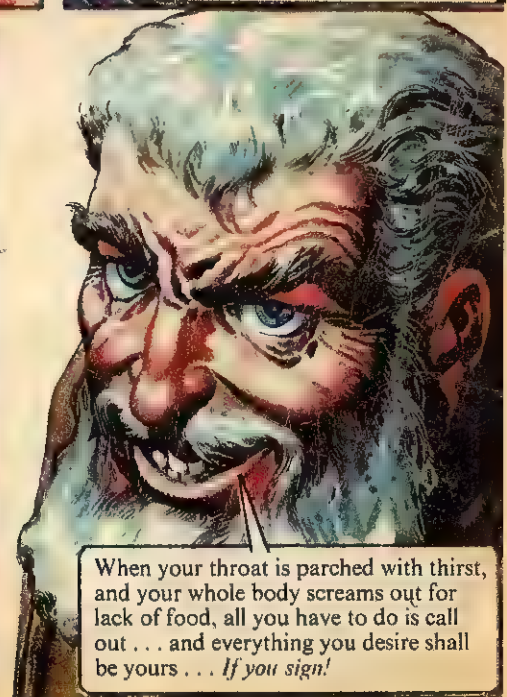
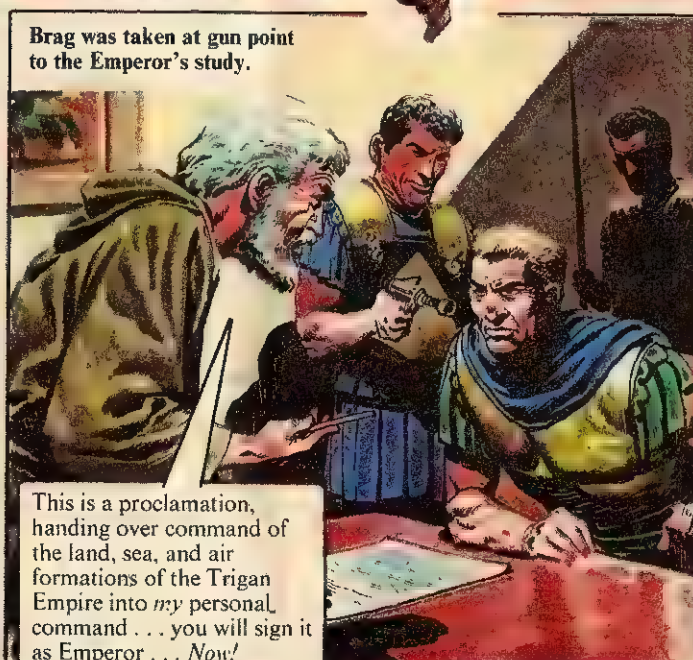
Open fire on
the rabble!

Silence! . . . You
don't give the
orders here!

NO!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

While the Emperor Trigo is absent from the city, the treacherous Darak has tricked Trigo's slow-witted brother Brag into letting himself be proclaimed Emperor. But the citizens of Trigan strongly object . . .



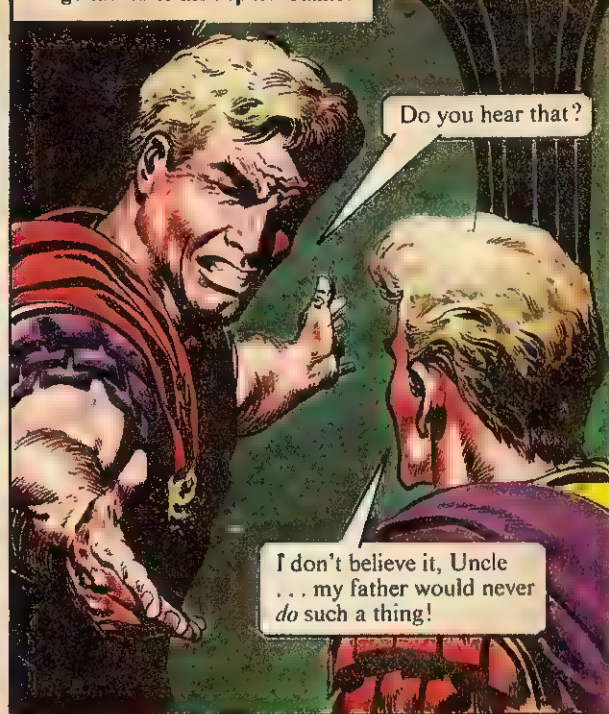
During the course of that first fateful day of Brag's ill-starred "reign", a group of loyal citizens of Trigan managed to steal away from the city in a captured atmosphere craft. They went to Hericon, where Trigo was visiting King Kassar.



Yes, Imperial Majesty . . . and when the people objected, he ordered the guards to fire on them!

Proclaimed himself Emperor, you say . . . my own brother?

Trigo turned to his nephew Janno.



Do you hear that?

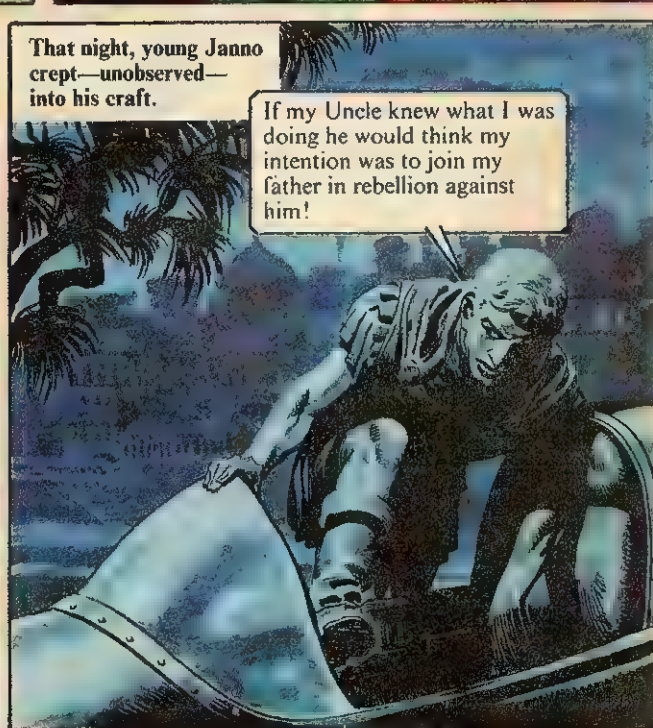
I don't believe it, Uncle . . . my father would never do such a thing!

The warlike King Kassar seemed to find grim amusement in the situation.



Well, Trigo . . . It appears that I shall have to invade your Empire and win it back for you . . . and I am afraid a lot of your people are going to get themselves killed in the process!

That night, young Janno crept—unobserved—into his craft.



If my Uncle knew what I was doing he would think my intention was to join my father in rebellion against him!

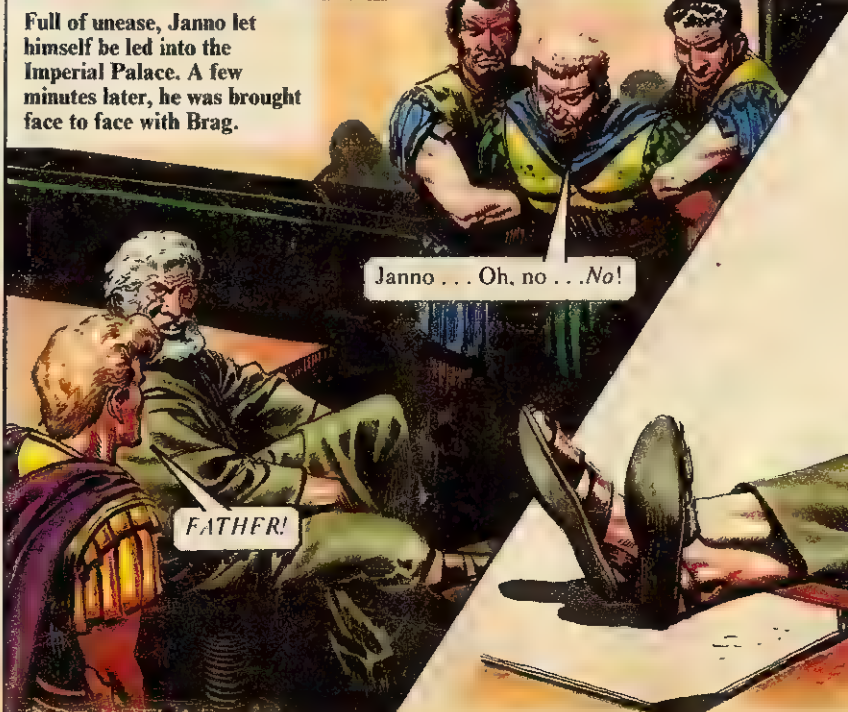
The suns of the planet Elekton were high in the sky when Janno landed in Trigan City and snapped to a grinning rebel guard.



Take me to my father!

Well . . . it's the young sprig himself . . . step this way, my lord, and we'll see if his Imperial Majesty isn't too busy to see you!

Full of unease, Janno let himself be led into the Imperial Palace. A few minutes later, he was brought face to face with Brag.



Janno . . . Oh, no . . . No!

FATHER!

A beautiful reunion! . . . and now, I think his Imperial Majesty will be quite easily persuaded to sign the proclamation!



The TRIGAN EMPIRE

the treacherous Darak has tricked Trigo's slow-witted brother into letting himself be proclaimed Emperor, but now Brag is refusing to co-operate. And then his son, Janno, arrives in the city . . .

At a harsh order from Darak, one of the guards drew his keen-edged blade.



Take your sword and cut down that young sprig!



Janno saw the weapon raised on high above him . . . and he faced his fate unflinchingly.

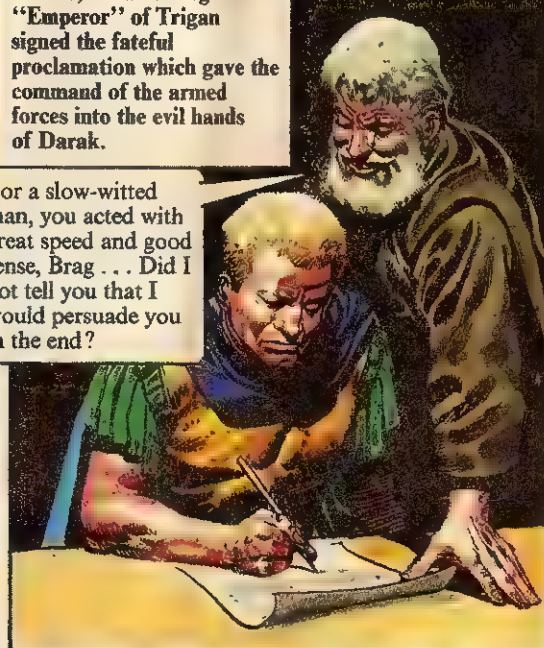
Then his father's anguished voice rang out!



No! . . . Spare my son! . . . I'll do anything you demand!

And so, the unwilling "Emperor" of Trigan signed the fateful proclamation which gave the command of the armed forces into the evil hands of Darak.

For a slow-witted man, you acted with great speed and good sense, Brag . . . Did I not tell you that I would persuade you in the end?



Then father and son were thrown into the deep dungeon beneath the palace.

You two will be very comfortable here! Heh!



Alone with his father for the first time, Janno eyed him questioningly.

You must be ashamed of me . . . after Trigo humiliated me, I found it easy, at first, to agree to Darak's plan . . . when I came to my senses it was too late!



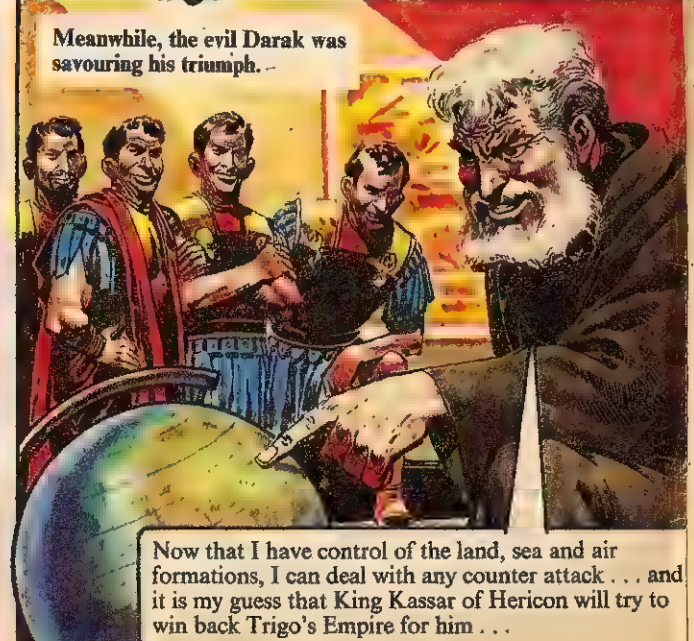
Uncle Trigo regretted the things he had said to you . . . he told me that, apart from being his brother, you were his dearest and most faithful friend!

Brag beat upon the door of the dungeon in his agony of mind.



Trigo! Trigo! You will never be able to forgive me for what I have done!

Meanwhile, the evil Darak was savouring his triumph.



Now that I have control of the land, sea and air formations, I can deal with any counter attack . . . and it is my guess that King Kassar of Hericon will try to win back Trigo's Empire for him . . .

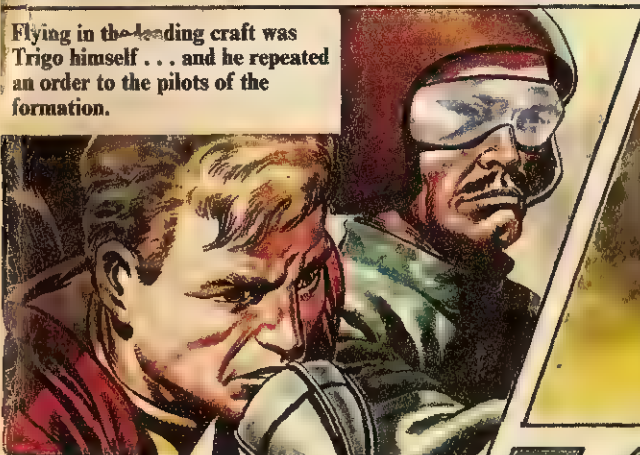


... Well ... I am ready for them, with fire and fury!

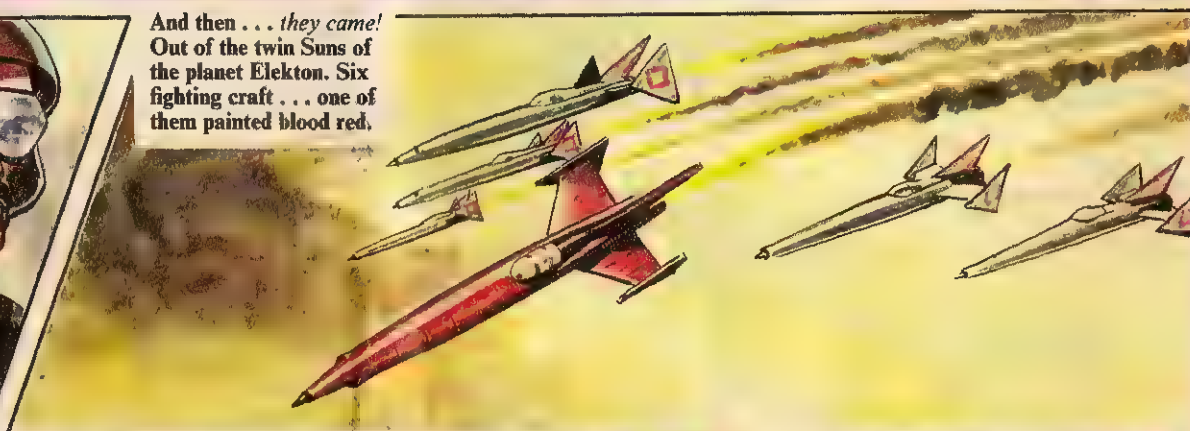


At dawn next day, a formation of Hericon scouting craft crossed the borders of the Trigan Empire and headed for the City.

Flying in the leading craft was Trigo himself ... and he repeated an order to the pilots of the formation.



And then ... they came! Out of the twin Suns of the planet Elekton. Six fighting craft ... one of them painted blood red.



Don't forget ... we are only here to scout and observe. Do not attack unless you are attacked first ... I will not have the blood of Trigans on my hands!

The Hericon formation never had a chance. In the first plummeting dive, the attackers accounted for one victim each ... and the sinister red craft destroyed two in flames!

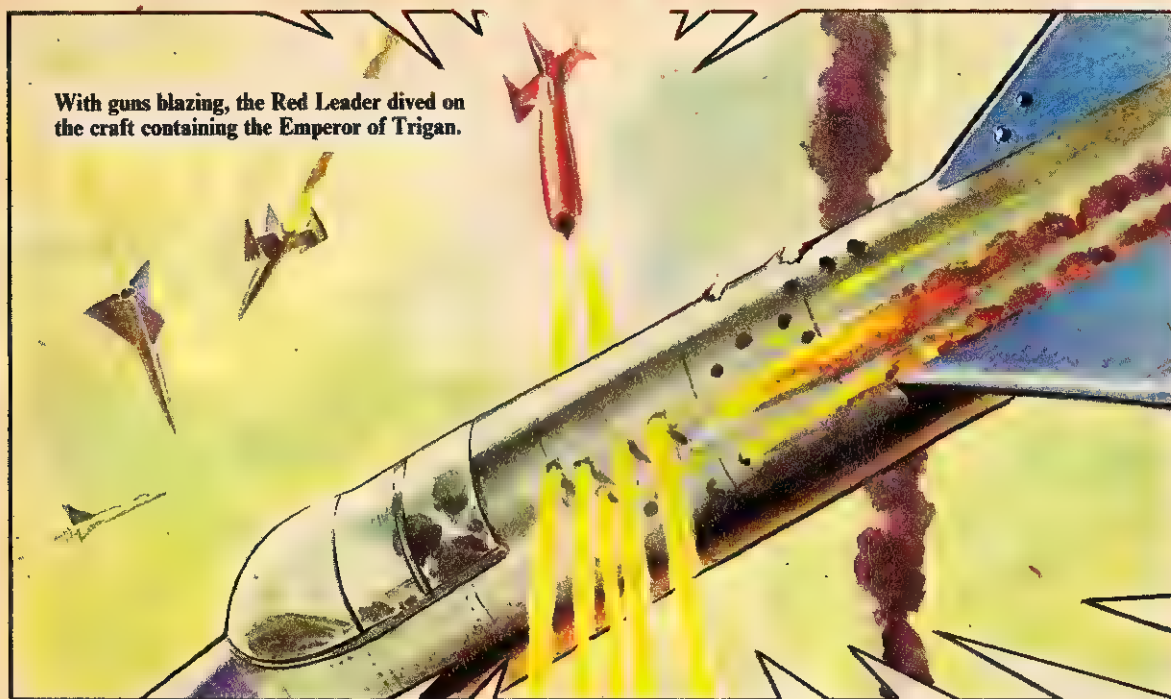


And the pilot of the red craft was ... Darak!

Not for nothing was I once the Commander of the Trigan Air Fleet!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

to gain control of the Trigan Empire.
Trigo flies to Trigan with friendly scouting craft . . . but the formation is attacked by fighter craft led by Darak . . .



With guns blazing, the Red Leader dived on the craft containing the Emperor of Trigan.

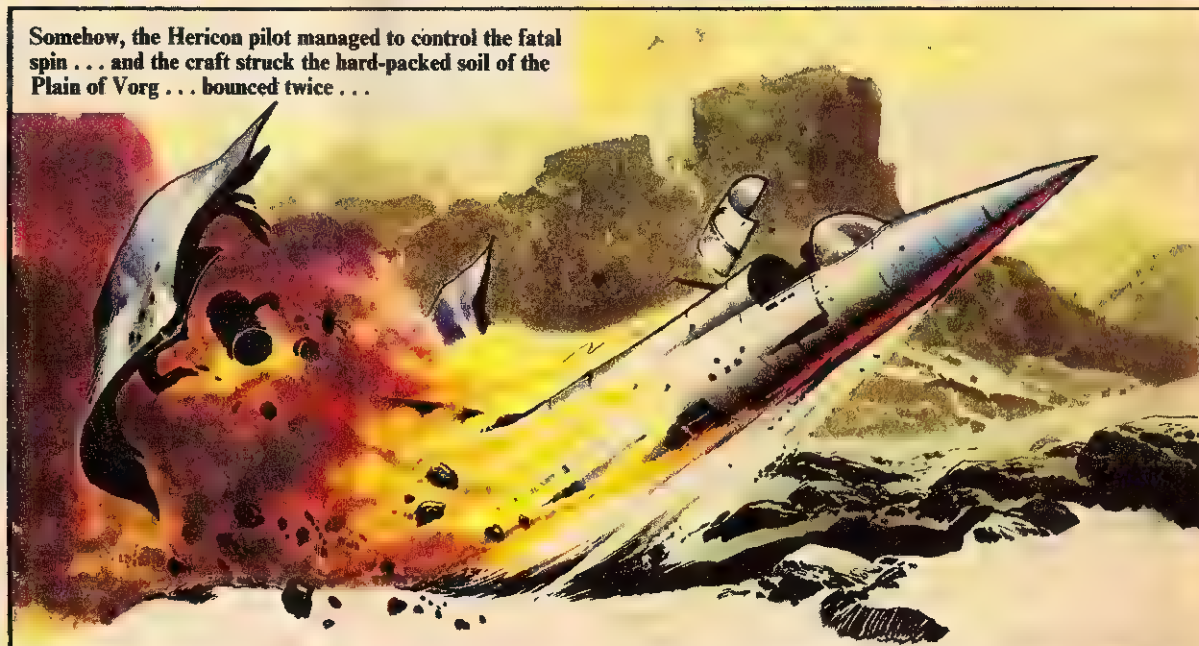


Trigo felt the craft suffer its death blow, and the narrow cockpit was filled with acrid smoke.

We are done for!



The craft spun out of the sky in flames . . . with the deadly Red fighter following it down, still firing!



Somehow, the Hericon pilot managed to control the fatal spin . . . and the craft struck the hard-packed soil of the Plain of Vorg . . . bounced twice . . .

Miraculously, the craft was not instantly engulfed in flames, and Trigo was only slightly hurt, though his pilot was past all aid. The Emperor climbed out of the wreckage and looked skywards . . .

Whoever's flying that Red Leader is the finest pilot I have ever seen . . . with the exception of one man . . .

There was only one course open to Trigo. He set off across the plain, and came in sight of the towers and domes of Trigan City, as the twin suns of the Planet Elekton were dipping towards the horizon.



I came to Trigan to learn what was happening here . . . and now I shall see it at close quarters!

Shrouding himself in his hooded cloak, the Emperor stalked unrecognised in the streets of his own city. And in the great square he heard the harsh cry of a rebel officer.

Gather round, you people . . . I am about to read a proclamation from His Imperial Majesty the Emperor Brag!



This should be interesting . . .



By all the stars! . . . Not only has my treacherous brother stolen my Empire, but he has made that scoundrel Darak the Supreme Commander . . . and, of course, it was Darak in the Red fighter . . . who else could fly like that?

"Today, a small force of my fighters attacked a large formation of hostile Hericon scouting craft over the Plain of Vorg and destroyed them completely. This shattering victory was obtained through the brilliant leadership of Darak, the Supreme Commander of my Imperial Forces, who himself led the attack . . ."

To Trigo's annoyance, another man seated himself at the same table. It was plain that the newcomer was from a distant part of the empire.



Great goings-on in the city, eh? . . . I only arrived today, and I find we have a new Emperor . . .

So I hear . . .

And then . . . a cruel stroke of fate!



By all the stars . . . you are the Emperor . . . just as this is you on the coin!



Later, seeking food and shelter for the night, Trigo went to a small travellers' inn in the poor part of the city.

What do you want to eat, Master?

Bring me anything you have.



Then the door burst open, and a group of rebel guards swaggered in!

By the stars . . . if they knew I was here . . .

Pity I shall never see the Emperor Trigo . . . I saved up my money for years to come to the capital and see the founder of the Empire . . . Ah, well . . .

Trigo leapt to his feet . . . but the guards had heard . . . and were already drawing their weapons!



What's that? . . . Trigo here?

Yes! . . . there he is! . . . at him!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

Trigo, the fugitive, tried to gain control of the Trigan Empire for himself. After being shot down in an air battle, Trigo is a fugitive in his own city . . . and then he is recognised by rebel guards . . .



The guards rushed at Trigo, weapons out-thrust . . . but Trigo was ready for them . . .

Get him! . . . dead or alive!

. . . Seizing the edge of the heavy table, he flung it full in their faces!

AAAAAGH!

Not so fast, traitors! . . . many shall fall before I do!

UUUUUGH!

Then he leapt across the room and burst out of the window!



Warning cries rang out in the night, and soon Darak's patrolling guards were in full cry after the fugitive.

Which way did he go?

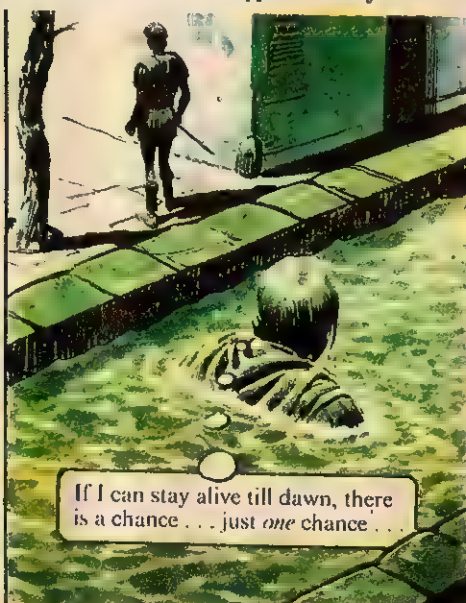
That way! After him . . . and give the order for all the city gates to be shut and barred!



They found no sign of the hunted emperor.

Trigo is to be destroyed on sight . . . take no chances . . . Shoot anything that moves!

. . . For Trigo was hidden in one of the canals of pure spring water that supplied the city.



If I can stay alive till dawn, there is a chance . . . just one chance . . .

The news was brought to Darak in the Imperial palace.



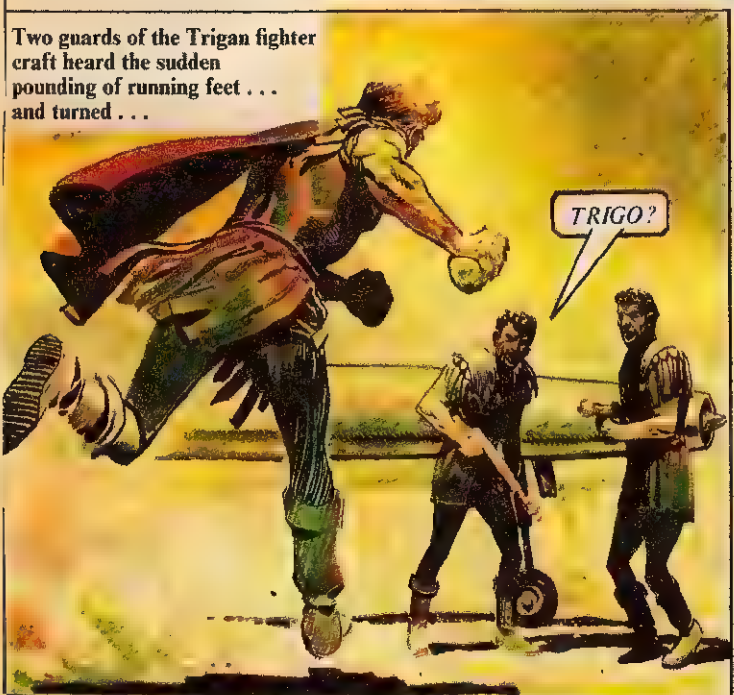
Trigo alive? . . . Here? . . . in the city? Fools! Get after him . . . why do you stand snivelling here?



I want him destroyed, do you hear me? ...
If necessary, burn down the city to do it ...
... but get him, or we are finished!



Twenty paces ...
Can I do it?



Two guards of the Trigan fighter
craft heard the sudden
pounding of running feet ...
and turned ...

TRIGO?



CEL-F-LEEGH!



Split seconds later, Trigo wrenched open the cockpit
of the nearest fighter craft and threw himself inside!

Alarm! ... Alarm! ...
Trigo is here!



Darak himself rushed out
on to the square in time to
see Trigo's captured craft
swoop over the city walls.

There he goes!
... Trigo's in
that fighter!

TRIGO!



With a wild cry of
savage glee, Darak
raced towards his own
red-painted fighter.

Trigo has chosen the manner
of his own destruction! ...
Get the people out into the
streets ... Let them watch me
shoot him down in flames!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

The traitor, Darak—who had used the Emperor Trigo's brother, Brag, to gain control of the Trigan Empire for himself—has just taken off in his red fighter craft in pursuit of Trigo . . .

Watchers from the city saw Trigo's craft set off over the Plain of Vorg, with the deadly red killer close behind.



With a sudden shock of fear—which he instantly quenched—Trigo saw the scarlet spot in his rear-view mirror, and knew that the greatest air fighter on the planet Elekton was on his tail!

There's no escape . . . I shall have to fight him!

Darak bared his teeth in a grin and squinted through his gunsight . . .



You will not go easily, mighty emperor . . . oh, no . . . first I will shoot your craft to pieces, and teach you the meaning of fear!

Trigo dived low, seeking the protection of the rocky crags of Vorg . . . as, with breathtaking accuracy, Darak's shells sliced at the tips of his craft.



Faced with a superior opponent in flying ability and marksmanship, Trigo knew that only one thing could save him . . . his dauntless courage . . .



Putting his craft into a tight turn, Trigo headed straight for his oncoming adversary . . .

One chance . . . one desperate chance . . .

For split seconds of time, the two craft tore towards each other . . .

I'm going straight on . . . to victory or destruction!

... the craft lost flying speed . . . stalled . . .
... and crashed to the rocky ground!

So perishes a traitor!

Trigo stepped, stern-faced, to the ground.

The rebels have shut themselves in the palace, Imperial Majesty!

Drag them out into the square . . . and my treacherous brother with them!

The now leaderless rebels offered no resistance. They were driven out into the sunlight of the great square . . . and with them were Brag and his son, Janno.

Look your last upon the sky, Brag . . . your time has run out!

You're going to face the sharp edge of Trigan justice!

There was only one way of escape in that high-walled gully. Darak pulled the red fighter into a vertical climb . . .

Aaaaaah! . . . fool! . . . we'll both be killed!

AAAAAAAGH!

The people of Trigan City had stood in silence all this time, awaiting the return of the victor. A great cry went up when they saw it was not the red craft . . . but their emperor's!

LONG LIVE TRIGO!

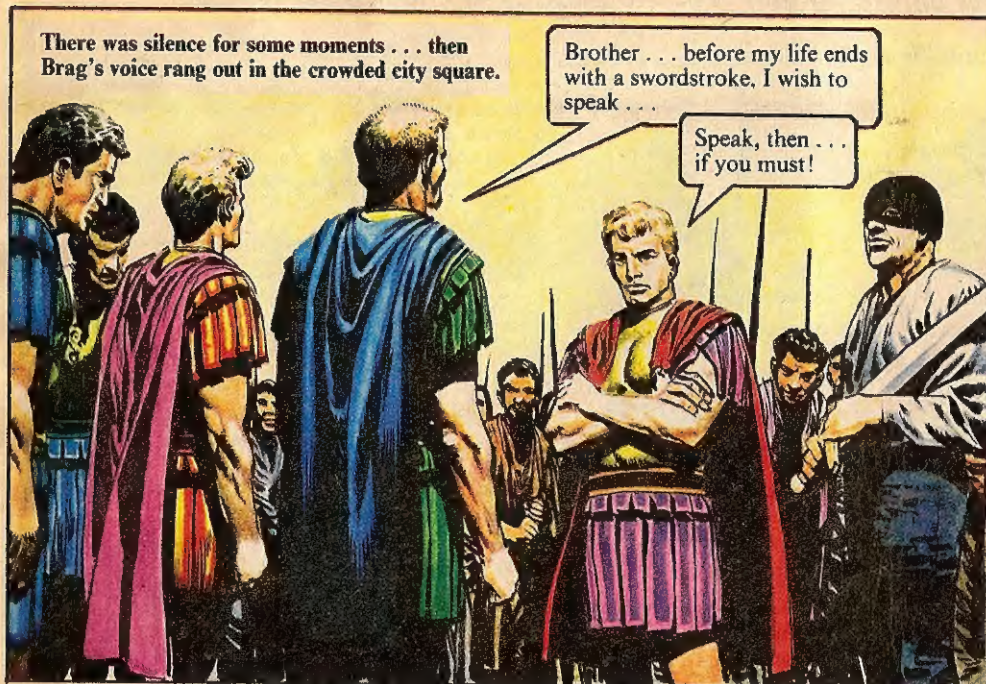
DOWN WITH BRAG!

There was to be no mercy . . . not even for the emperor's brother and nephew!

In accordance with Trigan law you will choose your own fate . . . a lifetime of slavery in the mines . . . or a swift sword-stroke! . . . Choose!

The TRIGAN EMPIRE

rebellion against him, and all that remains is to deal with the rebels . . . who include his own brother, Brag, and his nephew, Janno . . .



There was silence for some moments . . . then Brag's voice rang out in the crowded city square.

Brother . . . before my life ends with a swordstroke, I wish to speak . . .

Speak, then . . . if you must!



Brag spoke with simple dignity.

I do not excuse what my stupidity led me to do, but I ask for the life of my son—your nephew Janno—he is innocent of treason against you, I promise you!



And Trigo answered without hesitation.

I accept your word . . . Janno is released . . . the rest will suffer the sword or life imprisonment, at their own choice!

Then one of the rebel officers—more hate-filled and desperate than the rest—snatched a lance from one of the loyal citizens . . .



You shall perish with us, Trigo!



Two paces separated Brag from the path of the hurtling lance . . . and he was there to receive it instead of Trigo!

BRAG!

Brother . . . forgive . . . me . . .

With an anguished cry, the Emperor rushed to his side.



Brag! . . . Brag! . . . speak to me!

They carried Brag up to Peric's new laboratory, which had been built on a hilltop overlooking the city.



Can you save him, Peric?

I will use all my arts to preserve his life.



Peric, the most brilliant scientist on the planet Elekton, had devised a method of harnessing the power of the elements in the cause of healing. That night he induced a thunderstorm by means of magnetism . . . and the lightning played down upon the laboratory on the hillcrest . . .

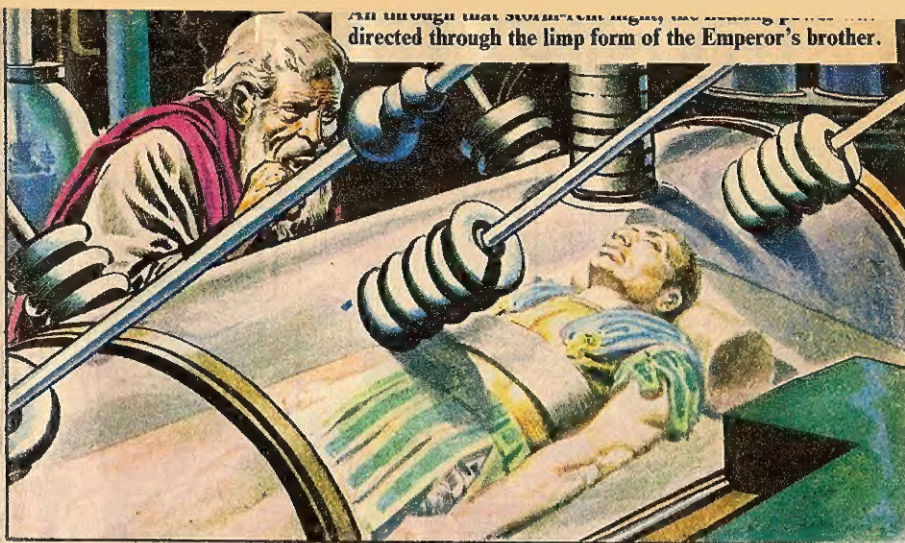
When the twin suns rose in the sky of Elekton, they received the wonderful news . . .

He will live!



Thank the stars! . . . it was all my fault . . . I spurned him because he is slow and plodding . . . forgetting that, at heart, he is my best friend!

My father never really realised what he had done till it was too late, uncle . . . then he was full of remorse!



All through that stormy night the healing power was directed through the limp form of the Emperor's brother.

Later, the two brothers clasped hands in a new understanding . . . forged in the fire of adversity.

Brothers . . . friends . . . comrades . . . till death!



Till death, Trigo . . . till death!

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